Weekly Museum.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

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THE RIGID FATHER.

LETTER IX.—*in continuation.*

CHARLES JANSON TO HENRY MULLER.

I NOW *resume* my pen to continue my letter.

Without listening to Augusta's objections, I drew her with me into the meadows at a little distance from the house, and we walked along the bank of the river. When I was alone with her, I said to her tenderly—"Augusta, I know not why I thought so, but it seemed to me, when I came to see you this evening, that you did not receive me with the same cheerfulness and pleasure you have usually expressed."

"Oh! no, indeed, no; there can be no reason for you to think so, said she, eagerly turning towards me.

"What then am I to think, dear Augusta?" replied I.

Her answer was a sigh.

"You sigh! tell me what is the cause of that sigh?"

She sighed again and was silent, but let a tear drop on the hand in which I held hers.

"Dearest Augusta, you weep! am I no longer your friend? I entreat you tell me every thing?"

"I cannot," answered she, in a low voice; my mother has forbidden me."

"Dear Augusta," said I, with much emotion, "will you not tell me why you weep?—not me!"

"Oh! a great deal has happened—I have been very melancholy."

"For Heaven's sake tell me the cause!"

Oh! I wish I could express to you the words she uttered, as they came from her full heart, with all the inflexions of voice, the sighs, the artless hesitations, the motions of her hands, the expression of her features, that you might form some conception of the delicious emotions that at that moment overpowered my whole soul.

"Alas!" said she, after a short silence, "I know not whether I do right to tell you—and yet there is no person in the world to whom I would sooner tell it than yourself. My mother thinks, and I feel—I have been very melancholy—"No, I must not tell it to you!"

"You must tell me every thing, dearest Augusta! if I had any thing that pressed on my heart, I should tell it to you."

"No," said she, hastily, "you did not tell me that you was going to marry Miss Williams."

"Of that, dear Augusta, we will speak presently. I could with my happiness assured by knowing that you love me as I love you."

"Yes," said she, the tears starting into her eyes "my mother said to me one day that I loved you, and that you loved me, and just after she had told me so, my brother came home and told us of your intended marriage, which he had heard of from young Grohmann. At first it did not make much impression on me, but the longer I thought of it the more I found myself melancholy and uneasy. My mother, from time to time, looked at me and seemed sorrowful. I endeavored to assume cheerfulness, but at last I burst into tears. My mother then took me with her into her chamber: we embraced each other, and I laid my face on her bosom. She wept and said, "dear innocent unhappy child!"—Oh! I could have wished to have died that moment on my mother's bosom, "deeply did those words pierce my heart. My mother then said that she herself had been to blame, and had acted inconsiderately. "You must not, Augusta," added she, "be so unreserved and familiar with him as you have been. I could indeed wish that he would not come to see us again"—And I too."——

"You too! did you too wish that?" said I hastily; for it was necessary that I should speak; amid the exquisite feelings which this pure, artless, and unsuspicious innocence had excited.

She was silent for some time: at last she said, slowly and mournfully—"If your visits would have made you unhappy, I must have wished it, though I know not how I could have endured never to have seen you more."

"Dear Augusta!" said I, pressing her to my breast, "can you then really believe that I will ever marry Miss Williams."

Hastily she raised her expressive countenance, and looked on me for some time with a kind of anxious expectation. As I continued silent she said, in a low voice—"When my uneasiness overpowered me, I often went up stairs to my chamber to weep, that I might not give my mother pain, and when I was there alone, I often said to myself that it could not be possible. But when I had heard that your father himself had said it was so, and when to day Miss Williams went by our house to go to yours—Oh! I would not live again such another day!—I was convinced it must be true. It might not indeed be agreeable to your wishes."

"And, dear Augusta, what do you believe that I do wish?" said I, tenderly pressing her hand.

I felt her hand tremble in mine; she withdrew it to cover her face, which was suffused with blushes, and said, in a very altered tone—"Oh! I entreat you Mr. Janson let us return."

"No," replied I, "Dear Augusta, I will tell you what I wish, what I now wish, and what I shall ever wish as long as my heart shall continue to beat.—I wish, Augusta, that you may be my wife, my innocent, my dear, my most tenderly beloved wife. No, I have not engaged to marry Miss Williams: how, Augusta, could you suppose so?—and here in this solitary place, I swear, in the presence of him who made us both, that I am thine, and thou, and thou alone shalt be mine."

She eagerly raised her hands, which had before covered her face, as if to embrace me, or to call Heaven to witness my oath. Her eyes sparkled, but in a moment she sank down on my breast as if deprived of sense. Her cheek was cold; but it was but for an instant. A deep sigh restored her to herself. I embraced her, and pressed her tenderly to my heart.

"Augusta," said I, "my dearest wife, thou art in the arms of thy husband."

She slowly raised her face, I impressed the first kiss of love on her lips, and asked her—"Dost thou love me, Augusta?Art thou mine?"

She threw her arms around me, cast down her eyes, hesitated a moment, then in a low and tender sigh, uttered,—"Yes!"

We now turned back, and she walked silently by my side, holding by my arm, with her eyes fixed on the ground, and, I may say, almost deprived of sense. "Augusta," whispered I from time to time. She clung still closer to my arm and hastened her pace. Thus we came home, and when we arrived there and came into the light I first perceived how pale she was. She attempted to say something to her mother, and to conceal under a smile, as I thought, the violence of her emotions; but she sank into a chair, and was unable to utter a word.

Her mother was greatly agitated and clasped her weeping daughter to her bosom.—"Augusta, said she, tenderly, "you have for often what you promised me;" then, turning hastily to me, she said with much emotion—"I must request sir, that you will let some time elapse before you visit us again. I have nothing but my children."

I took August's hand, and said, "Dear mother, this hand, this heart, is mine. I am your son. Augusta will be my wife."

The innocent girl instantly started up, and threw herself on the bosom of her mother.

"Is this true!" exclaimed the latter in a tone of transport, and gazing on me for some time in silence.—Will you———?"

"I will," said I, interrupting her, and immediately drew Augusta to my lips.

Embrace now followed embrace, and my promised wife hung on my neck. Oh! it was a scene ecstatic bliss. Now that the love of Augusta was consecrated by the confession and blessing of her mother, it broke forth from her full heart without restraint. She kneeled before her mother, and I put my hand in hers. Trembling and confused, with tears in her eyes, though they sparkled with joy, she took the ring which I placed on her finger. Her mother intreated me to leave them, when I was preparing to relate all that had passed, and inform her of the difficulties which we had yet to overcome.

I acquiesced in her request, and took my leave, with the liveliest sensations of joy in my heart, after having appointed to see them again the next day, when they were to accompany me in a little country excursion.

It was midnight when I returned home. I found my chamber locked. My father, who usually went to bed at ten o'clock, was still up, and called me. When I went to him he took me to the table, and said to me, very harshly, "For the last time I advise you sign the contract."

"Never, father!" said I, firmly and coolly.

"You will not?—I swear, however, that the schoolmaster's daughter shall never be my daughter-in-law: no, never!—You now know my fixed resolution, and you may go.—There is your chamber behind mine.—You shall never come over the threshold again till you have signed the contract."

He opened the door and pushed me in, and I now am in my prison. Fortunately I had in my pocket-book a small phial of ink, and a few sheets of paper which have enabled me to write this letter to you. As Mr. Rosen's letter which I was to send you is still in my possession, you will, I am persuaded, not be offended at breaking the seal to inclose this; for, as my father knows Mr. Rosen's hand, he will forward it without suspicion, otherwise I should not be able to convey this letter to you.

The fenſations of my heart and my reſolution are not in the leaſt altered by my ſituation. How long can my impriſonment laſt? I am, at any rate, determined to be very patient, and to make no attempt to procure my liberty. Auguſta will ſhed a tear or two when ſhe finds I do not come according to my appointment; but reports will ſoon inform her of the cauſe of my abſence---and the firſt moment that reſtores me to liberty, and the right of her I ſo ardently love, ſhall be that of our eternal union.--- I have ſucceeded perfectly in opening the letter; the ſeal is uninjured.

Adieu.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ROBBERY AND MURDER.

A robbery, attended with the moſt atrocious circumſtances was committed near a village in the north of Germany, in December laſt. A peaſant had ſold an ox to a butcher of the adjacent village, and was to go to receive his money on the following Sunday. His buſineſs prevented him from going himſelf, he employed his daughter, who at firſt very naturally refuſed to go ſuch a diſtance alone, particularly as it was neceſſary to go through a wood of conſiderable length. And as ſhe would probably be obliged to make part of her journey during the night. Recollecting however that ſhe might get her ſweetheart to accompany her, ſhe no longer oppoſed her father's propoſition. She ran immediately to him, and propoſed the excurſion. He pretended buſineſs that was indiſpenſably neceſſary; but to induce her to go, he aſſured her that he would come and meet her on her return, and ſee her through the wood.---She ſet out accordingly, and received the money. She concealed the gold for the ſake of ſecurity, in her hair, and put the ſilver in her pocket. On her return, at ſome diſtance from the village, ſhe was ſtopped by two robbers, who after taking from her the ſilver ſhe had in her pockets, allowed her to proceed. The fright ſhe was in made her haſten her ſteps; but what was her joy when ſhe diſcovered at ſome diſtance the approach of her lover. She relates her misfortune, deſcribes the terror ſhe was in and concluded by informing him, that ſhe had luckily concealed the greater part of her money, which was in her hair. Some time after they had entered the foreſt her lover aſked the young girl if ſhe had a knife? She replied, ſhe had.---"Give it me," ſays he. "I with to cut myſelf a ſtick, and ſit you down at the foot of this tree." She ſits down, and feeling herſelf relieved from her fears, began to ſing. Some minutes after the young man returns to her, he ſtrikes her on the head with a ſtick, and ſtretches her feneleſs on the ground. The villain did not take time to extricate the gold from her hair, but cut off her head, and wrapping it in his handkerchief, betook himſelf to flight. At that moment the fire of a muſket was heard. The monſter thought the ſhot was directed againſt him, and ran as faſt as poſſible to eſcape. The ſportſman perceiving him fly ſo precipitately with his bloody prey, ſuppoſed he had carried off the game which he had juſt killed: he therefore purſued him, overtook him and delivered him into the hands of juſtice.

ANECDOTE.

VOLTAIRE ſaid of an apothecary, that his employment was to pour drugs, of which he KNEW LITTLE, into a body, of which he KNEW LESS.

AN attorney in France having bought a charge of bailiff for his ſon, adviſed him never to work in vain, but to raiſe contributions on thoſe who wanted his aſſiſtance. "What, father!" ſaid the ſon in ſurprize, "would you "have me to ſell juſtice?"---" Why not?" anſwered the father,---" it is as lawful an article to be given for nothing!"

For the New-York WEEKLY MUSEUM.

ON RURAL CONTENTMENT.

IN ſome lone rude ſequeſter'd ſpot,
From city's noiſy din of ſtrife,
Remote within a peaceful cot,
Oh! I could paſs with eaſe my life.

A winding ſtream ſhould murmur by
Whoſe banks impurpled o'er with flow'rs,
Profuſely gay beneath the eye,
Diffuſing odor through the bow'rs.

Cloſe to my humble, ranp'd along,
A rural row of hives ſhould graze,
With humming bees in drowſy long,
To dream a my lonely place.

Would Heav'n indulge my long ſought wiſh,
O! kindly aid me to acquire
A virtuous competence---I'm rich---
From ſcenes of riot to retire

No guilty meal ſhould ſpread my board,
Or lavish'd ſauces richly ſtore,
Content with that my lot affords
To ſhare with fortunes children poor.

Or to the hopeleſs ſtranger ſcant,
My cool retreat ſhould ſhelter find,
To dry the tear of mis'ry's want,
In tender pity for mankind.

Secure from pride or public eye,
In ſweet ſeclution would I live
Far from deſtruction ever fly,
Nor o'er for wealth or honor grieve.

Soon as the roſy dawn of day,
I comes with gold the eaſtern ſkies,
Abroad thro' fields I'd bend my way,
While as aire as gay proſpect lies.

The balmy ſcented breeze partake,
From bloſſoms freſh with pearly dew,
Or hear the linnets in the brake,
From trickling thorns in ſpangled view.

Or when at noon, beneath a ſhade,
While ſol ſhoots forth in fiery blaze,
Oft would my wond'ring ſwains be lead,
Recluſe amid the fairy rays.

There, on the dark green graſs invite,
My thought to ſtudy, or explore
The claſſic page, to cool delight,
Secure beneath the whiſp'ring bow'rs.

Nor leſs when ſolemn twilight grey,
In deſky mantle wraps the plains,
While ſighing murmurs cleave the day,
My lute ſhould wake to melting ſtrains.

So Virtue, Innocence, and Peace,
Free from remorſe and inward pain,
A well ſpent life of ſober eaſe,
Alone true bliſs is ſure to gain.

EDWIN.

THE PRISONER.

Tune---"LIBERTY TREE."

THE warm ſmiles of freedom once dwelt in my breaſt,
And Virtue's ſweet charms join'd her theſe;
Sublime charms of peace, then would ſooth me to reſt,
While unknown was that torment deſpair.

On time's rapid wings, days and years have fled,
And hours like minutes did waſte,
While ſleep's ſweeteſt odors were laviſhly ſhed,
And moments like whirlwinds did haſte.

'Twas then unmoleſted, ſecure did I rove,
And ramble ſweet vales at my eaſe;
In rural retirement could viſit the grove,
Charm'd with the ſweet notes from the trees.

All nature was deck'd then, in beauty ſo gay,
Rich bliſſ me adorn'd every field,
Each zephyr that play'd, breath'd new charms to the day,
And flow'rets ſweet odour did yield.

But oh! what ſad changes misfortune has wrought!
Oh! what gloomy torments I bear,
From hoſt rural ſcenes with rapidity brought
To lean on the gulph of deſpair!

Fair hope's cheering rays, have all from us fled,
And Freedom refus'd me her aid;
The laſt drop of Liberty's boſſom is ſhed,
And left me in ſorrow to waſte!

VULGAR PREJUDICE.

A few weeks ſince, a lady in Dublin, who labored under an acute and obſtinate fever, was attended by an eminent phyſician, who found it neceſſary to exert his utmoſt ſkill, and preſcribe the moſt powerful medicines, but without any apparent effect; and with ſome aſtoniſhment ſaw his patient exhauſted, almoſt to death, in deſpite of his ſkill; at length ſome ſlight criſis appearing he ordered ſome draughts to aid exhauſted nature, and calling in the evening to know how they had operated, was informed his patient was dead!

On entering the chamber, he ſaw ſeveral women occupied in waſhing the body, and preparing it for the lift of the obſequies; and accidentally caſting his eyes towards the window, obſerved in the cabinet of one of the ſhutters not cloſe the bottles he had ordered that day in the ſame they came from the apothecary's untouched, but all the medicines he had preſcribed for a fortnight before!

On interrogating the nurſe tender, the anſwer was, "that ſhe thought it a ſin to ſeaſe the poor lady with ſuch naufeous trafh, or to make a *pothcary's* ſhop of her belly."

On a cloſer inſpection of the body, the vital warmth did not ſeem quite extinct; a very little pulſe almoſt imperceptibly throbbed at her temples, and wriſts, and the application of a mirror before her mouth and noſtrils evidently ſhewed that reſpiration was not gone.

The body was inſtantly put into a warm bed, and by the application of proper cordials, reſtored to life in leſs than three hours, and to perfect health in leſs than a month, to the inexpreſſible joy of the lady's family and friends; but the poor lady had the mortification to find herſelf deprived of a moſt beautiful and luxuriant head of hair, which the wirches of death had ſhore off in their hurry to fit her for the coffin.

[Load pap.

DESCRIPTION OF LOVE.

LOVE is like the devil, becauſe it is tormenting; like heaven, becauſe it wraps the ſoul in bliſs; like fait becauſe it is relliſhing; like pepper, becauſe it often ſets one on fire; like ſugar becauſe it is ſweet; like a rope becauſe it is often the death of a man; like a priſon, becauſe it makes one miſerable; like wine, becauſe it makes us happy; like a man, becauſe it is here to day and gone to-morrow; like a woman, becauſe there is no getting rid of it; like a flip becauſe it guides one to the wiſhed for port; like a will o'th'wiſp, becauſe it often leads one into a bog; like a fierce courſer, becauſe it often runs away with one; like a little pacey, becauſe it ambles ſikely with one; like the bite of a mad dog, or like the kiſs of a pretty woman, becauſe they both make a man run mad; like a gooſe, becauſe it is ſilly; like a rabbit, becauſe there is nothing like it. In a word, it is like a ghoſt, becauſe it is like every thing, and like nothing; often talked about, but never ſeen, touched, or underſtood.

ANECDOTES.

A Miſer once prevailed on himſelf to brew a ſtrong mungo beer, a tenant coming one day to pay Maſter Miſer ſome rent, the chief brought to the Farmer half a pint of his October, and bade him drink it up, and then aſked the brave fellow, "if he did not think it was well brew'd?"---"Yes" replied the Farmer; and if it had been a little ſtronger, by G---d, Maſter Miſer, it had been all the water."

THE Kilkenny Journal ſays, that a man of the name of Kenny, on his return to that city, "fell off his horſe, and broke his neck, but happily received no other damage!"

THE number of Deaths in this City, for the week ending on Saturday last, according to the City Clerk's report, are adults 19—children 14—Total 33.

MELANCHOLY ACCIDENTS.

On Wednesday the 29th of Feb. the son of Mr. Thomas H. Rockwell of Ridgfield, aged about two years and fifteen months, unfortunately fell backwards into a kettle of scalding water, which terminated his life about 11 o'clock the succeeding evening.

—

On the night of the 16th of February, as Mr. Alexander M'Kee was descending the Mississippi in a Kentucky boat, while laying to near the Iron banks, the took fire in his absence, and before he could render any assistance, was entirely consumed—his wife and three children were unhappy victims in the flames. Mr. M'Kee had embarked all his property for the purpose of settling in Natchez.

—

We understand that a Major Stilwell at the White House, in the upper part of Burlington county lately put a period to his existence, by holding the hilt of a sword against the wall and running upon the point. The cause of this desperate deed we have not learnt.

—

DIED,

At Jaffrey, New-Hampshire, very suddenly, on the 28th February last, Miss NANCY THORNDIKE LINCOLN, in the 9th year of her age, only daughter of Doctor Luke Lincoln, of New-Bolton.

She was on a visit to Joseph Thorndike, Esq. her grandfather—the family were all absent, attending a funeral, in the neighborhood, except-ing two small boys, one 12 and the other 14 years of age, who were at the barn; by some unknown and unfortunate accident, her clothes caught fire, and she was immediately involved in flames. No person being in the house to assist her, she found her way out of doors, and her cries of distress were heard by one of the neighboring women, who found her a number of rods from the house and offered her the first assistance, but by this time all her clothes had been consumed on her body. Every exertion was made, with the aid of the three physicians, for her relief, but to no effect—she survived about 14 hours, in the utmost distress, when at 4 o'clock on Tuesday morning the Messenger of Death executed his commission.

—

About 1 o'clock on Wednesday evening, as a young German named Charles Kercer, who worked at the Soap and Candle Manufactory of Mr. George Colleden, in Cowsaps-street, Baltimore, was attempting to throw some coal by into one of the boilers which was likely to go out, his feet slipped and he fell head foremost into the boiler, where the soap had been nearly boiled enough and stood full strength. With much exertion he was taken out, and on pulling off his clothes the skin came off all over his body. He died at 8 o'clock the same evening.

—

Some days since some lads having been teazing a large and fierce mastiff, belonging to a butcher in the Borough, the enraged animal slipped his chain, flew on his tormentors, and seized one of them by the side, when he held so fast, that it became necessary to cut his throat on the spot, as the only means to rescue the unfortunate lad from his gripe: and, we are sorry to add, that the youth was so lacerated, that when he was taken away little hopes were entained of his recovery.

[*London pap.*

Extract of a letter received in Philadelphia from Kingston, Jam. dated March 4.

"The schooner Content, capt Richard Watson from Charleston, bound to this port (out ten days) was taken in the afternoon of the 31 ultimo off Mole St. Nicholas, by a french schooner privateer of 10 guns and 60 men, from Porto-Rico, which put on board a prize-master, with four white men and a negro, with directs to proceed with the prize for that island. Captain Watson having been allowed to remain on board the Content, that they might avail themselves of his nautical skill in the safe conduct of the prize, formed the design of recapturing her with the assistance of two black seamen part of the Content's crew, who had been also detained. This he very gallantly put in execution on the evening of the 10th. in the following manner; Having two pistols concealed below his jacket, he came on deck, and with the but end of one of them knocked down one of the two Frenchmen, who were placed as centinels, with fixed bayonets, at the cabin door, he immediately after did the same kind office to his companion, before the other had recovered himself. He then with much presence of mind, took the bayonets off the muskets, which latter he threw overboard, and placing the two black men as guards at the door, went forward to the head of the vessel, and secured two others, who, being defenceless, suffered themselves, with difficulty, to be pinioned and confined. He afterwards battened down the hatches on the remaining two, who were below, rummaging the cargo, and altering the course of the vessel, steered for this Island, which he made on Sunday last, and in the evening brought her safe into Port Antonio.

"Mr. Peter M'Leod, merchant of this city, and owner of the Content, with a passenger, were detained on board the privateer.

"It is to be hoped that the gallant exertions of capt. Watson, will be attended to by the Underwriters on the vessel, and that they will meet with the reward that such distinguished conduct merits, the Law, we understand, not adjudging salvage in a case of this nature to the recaptor. After his arrival from Port-Antonio, on Tuesday last, he waited on Admiral Duckworth, who was pleased to compliment him in very high terms on the laudable zeal and bravery he displayed on this occasion on behalf of the Underwriters."

—

Arrived the brig Rockland, capt. Frederick King, in 20 days from Aux Cayes. In lat. 38, 50, long. 72, 40 spoke the brig Matilda, 44 days from Surinam. A French privateer was wrecked on the Isle of Vash off Aux-Cayes. The blacks first an armed boat, brought off the crew 44 in number, and put them to death. On the 14th, the blacks at Aux-Cayes, began the massacre of the whites. Their doors were burst open at night, and man and wife murdered while in bed. Capt. King has brought out 20 French passengers. Saw in the offing, 30 sail of square rigged vessels, bound in.

—

About three o'clock on the morning of the 31st ultimo, a barn belonging to Mr. Jesse Carithopher, Inkeeper, about two miles above Pennington, (N. J.) was struck with lightning, and entirely consumed, together with a large quantity of hay, grain, and one young horse. Four other horses were in the barn at the time it was struck but by much exertion on the part of Mr. Carithopher were rescued from the raging elemen.

—

EARTHQUAKE AT MADEIRA.

Captain Crozier, of the ship Thomas Gordon, from Madeira, informs, that on the 9th of February the day before he sailed, at 6 o'clock, a m. a severe shock of an Earthquake was experienced there, which lasted about fifteen seconds. Captain Crozier did not learn that any material damage was done by it.

COURT OF HYMEN.

HAPPY the State, where souls congenial burn
With mutual fire and love for love return.
When each new day Love's growing charms beholds,
New bliss imparts, and new delights unfolds.

MARRIED,

On Wednesday evening the 3d inst. at Newtown (L. I.) by the Rev. Mr. Clerk, Captain DANIEL S. MOORE, to Miss HANNAH MOORE, daughter of Mr. Jacob Moore, all of that place.

On Thursday evening the 5th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Rodgers, Mr. JOHN W. MACOMB to Miss ISABELLA RAMSAY, both of this city.

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Beach, Mr. WILLETT P. WOOD, to Miss ANTOAIL EAGLE, daughter of Mr. Henry B. Eagle, all of this city.

On Sunday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Mitchell, Mr. ALANSON WEED, to Miss ELIZA WILSON, both of this city.

MORTALITY.

SOULS bloom exemptless, though the frames decay,
Born h'd from the Godhead in the form of God.
Our bodies snap'd of dust, to dust re urn;
But the free spirit soars aloft to Heav'n.

DIED,

At Baltimore, on Friday morning the 6th. inst. Mr. CALEB G. MASSEY, Attorney at Law from the State of Delaware. His decease was occasioned by the indiscriminate use of Opium, he having for some time past been addicted to swallowing large quantities of this drug, which finally put an end to his existence. The aid of the first medical characters was called in, but to no effect. An Inquest was held on the body, who reported their verdict, that the defunct came by his death from "immoderate use of Opium."

At Kingston, Jamaica, Mr. JOSEPH DEAN, merchant, late of Wilmington, (N. C.) and formerly of Boston. We understand that previous to Mr. Dean's departure from North Carolina, he left a will, devising his whole estate, supposed to be worth 18 000 dollars, in trust to St. John's Lodge, for the establishment and maintenance of a Free Masonic School in Wilmington.

THEATRE.

On Monday evening will be performed, (never performed here) a Comedy in five acts, as performing in London with the most unbounded applause, called,

The Soldier's Daughter.

WITH ENTERTAINMENTS.

25,000 *Dollars the highest prize.*

For sale by JOHN HARRISON, No. 3 Peck-Slip,

TICKETS

In Lottery No. II. for the ENCOURAGEMENT of LITERATRUE.

A few Tickets are yet on hand.

☞ TICKETS REGISTERED & EXAMINED.

LEE'S LONDON LIQUID BLACKING.

Warranted not to injure the Leather.

THIS Blacking is eminently superior to any ever offered for sale in the United States, for beautifying and preserving Boots and Shoes; it gives them a most excellent fine black glofs, keeps them soft, smooth and pliable, prevents them from cracking, and never soils. It will also restore the gloss on black morrocco, and give it all its original lustre. Sold wholesale and retail by C. LEE, at his Boot and Shoe store, No 120 Broadway, opposite the City Hotel.

N. B. Great allowance to those who take to sell again.

*** C. LEE has likewise on hand a good assortment of gentlemen's Boots and Shoes, Ladies best morocco and leather Slippers. 798 w.f.

COURT OF APOLLO.

THE WANDERER.

Written in Scotland, by a young woman, the daughter of a Milliner Edinburgh

THE pale moon sinks in western clouds,
Her tall beams on the waters die;
Ah! thrown me in their founding woods.
Tho' whole dark boughs the nigh-winds sigh.
No home receives my shivering form,
No voice my cruel footbes in red,
Alone I brave the midnight storm,
That freezes my unmanded breast.

No bosom heaves the pitying sigh
For the loft wretch that weeps alone,
O'er her brave father's destiny,
Poland and Freedom's parish fon.
Near the low mound, my mother's grave,
For god-like truth her Armed fell;
He fcorn'd to live Oppreffion's flave,
Or Guilt's polluted triumphs fwell.

Oh, God! I faw Ambition's rear,
" Mid' fulphurious clouds his banners red,
While fhrieking Nature's burning tear
Bath'd many a lov'd, unbaried head,
Chill'd with the cold nocturnal dew,
Far from my ruin'd home I fled,
O'er fields where War's infernal crew
Exulted o'er the mangled dead.

Yet, 'mid thefe fhades Misfortune's child,
O'er life's appalling defarts driven,
Will find a dwelling in the wild,
The dome von ftarry vault of Heaven,
And when this awful conflict's o'er,
Now Vifiula's bright murmuring wave,
Some gentle hand on that fweet fhore,
Will lay the green fward on my grave.

EPITAPH.

HERE lieth weant in clay,
The body of WILLIAM WRAY;
I hope on mone to fay.

THE MODEL.

A man whose nature had rendered remarkably deformed was modelled in the ftore s of C—ter, England, by a very beautiful lady. Without any resemble, she took him by the arm and conducted him to a neighboring houfe. Enamoured with the charms of his conductrefs, he had not power to refift her. During his conveyance, he could not but flatter himself with a moft agreeable denouement—but he was no fooner arrived, than fhe prefented him to the owner of the houfe faying, "train for trains" and immediately left him. The enamorato, in the greateft furprife begged the matter to explain this enigma, who anfwered "Sir, I am a painter, and having undertaken to repreient for this lady the temptation of Chrift in the defert, we could not agree upon he form the devil fhou'd have; the myftic words on your introduction conveyed her with that I fhould take you for the model."

M. NASH'S

CIRCULATING LIBRARY, No. 79 Beekman-ftreet.

TERMS.

3 dollars and 50 cents per year,
2 dollars for 6 months
1 dollar and 25 cents per quarter,
50 cents per month.

Lately added to this Library, a Hiftory of the War in Vendee, Kotzebue's Fayle, Minftrel, and other poems by Beattie, Peafures and Pains of Memory, Caul a Perfian Tale, 2 vols. Amelia Mansfield, 4 vols. Rinaldo Rinaldini, 2 vols. Zaida; or the de bonnement of Mahommed IV. alfo, the Beautiful Unknown, by Kotzebue, Caleb Williams, 3 vols.

TO LETT,

A neatly furnifhed large and airy SCHOOL ROOM, that has been occupied as fuch a number of years paft, in Ball Rutgers-ftreet. Inquire in the fame ftreet, No. 5, of

JONATHAN COWDREY.

MORALIST.

REMARKS ON SWEARING.

COMMON fwearing argues in a man, a perverted diftruft of his own reputation, and is an acknowledgment that he thinks his bare word not worthy of credit.

It is common for fome men to fwear, only to fill up the vacancies of their empty difcourfe.

The infamous, though common practice of curfing and fwearing, upon the moft trivial occafion and of ufing the name of God irreverently, prevails fhamefully with many who are pleafed to call themfelves Chriftians; nor is this cuftom lefs ridiculous than impious, as it is the only crime which human nature is capable of committing, that neither propofes pleafure or profit for its end.

For the Ufe of the Fair Sex.

THE GENUINE FRENCH ALMOND PASTE,

Superior to any thing in the world, for cleaning, whitening and foftening the fkin, remarkably good for chapped hands, to which it gives a moft exquifite delicacy. This article is fo well known it requires no further ornament.

Imported and fold by F DUBOIS, perfumer, No. 81 William-ftreet, New-York.

Likewife to be had at his Perfumery Store, a complete affortment of every article in his line, fuch as, Pomatums of all forts, common and fcented Hair Powder, a variety of the beft Soaps and Wafh Balls, Eflences and Scented Waters, Rouge and Rouge Tablets Pearl and Face Powder, Almond Powder Cold Cream, Cream of Naples, Lotion, Milk of Rofes, Aftatic Balfam for the Hair, Grecian Oil, Greenough Tincture for the Teeth, Artificial Flowers and Wreaths Plumes and Feathers, Silk and Kid Gloves, Violet and Vanill Segars, Ladies Work Boxes, Wigs and Frizets, Perfume Cabinets, Razors and Razor Strops of the beft kind, handfom Dreffing Cafes for Ladies and Gentlemen complete, Tortoife fhell and Ivory Combs, Swanfdown and Silk Puffs, Pinching and Curling Irons, &c.

EFFECT OF LITERATURE.

" LITERATURE is with me fuch the Prefident Monroe quiu, a never failing remedy for all the ills of life, nor did I ever know what that forrow was, which an hours, reading could not difpare."

With confidence that there is truth in the above quotation, it is prefumed that the public will learn with fome intereft that H. CARITAT offers for fale at his ftore, City Hotel, Broad-way, the firft complete Explanatory Catalogue, to ever published of his

CIRCULATING LIBRARY.

Containing the opinion of the Reviewers, upon moft of the Books of his extenfive collection, in which will be found a claffification and arrangement calculated to facilitate the choice of the readers.

PATENT FLOOR-CLOTH MANUFACTORY

JOHN HARMER, takes this opportunity to inform the public, that he ftill continues carrying on the above bufinefs and that he has procured a quantity of STOUT CANVAS manufactured for the expreis purpofe, from one to feven yards in width, together with other improvements which will enable him to carry on the bufinefs on a more extenfive and perfect plan than he has heretofore had it in his power to do; and is now able to ferve his cuftomers with this kind of FLOOR-CLOTHS to any plan or dimenfions equal in quality and elegance of figure to any imported, and in a much fhorter time and cheaper rate.

N. B. Thofe ladies and gentlemen, who wifh to be fupplied with the above articles for the approaching fummer, will do well to forward their orders foon, that the Cloth may be immediately executed, to be ready in the fpring, as fome time is neceffary for bleaching.

☞ Orders left at Offoun and Van Nofftand's, No 7 Beekman Slip, New-York or at the Factory, in Brooklyn Long-Island, will be affiduoufly attended to. Dec. 17

E THOMPSON,

Silk, Cotton, and Woolen Dyer, No. 26 Broad ftreet,

CLEANS and dyes all forts of Silks and fattins. Gentlemen's clothes cleaned and dyed. Ladies gowns dyed and cleaned. Silk ftockings and camel hair fhawls elegantly cleaned and calleadered. Chip hats dyed and neatly bliffhed. Feb. 23. 769. t-f.

N. SMITH,

Chemical perfumer, from London, at the New-York Hair Powder and Perfume Manufactory, the Golden Rofe No, 114 Broadway, oppofite the Coy-Houfe.

SMITH's improved chemical Milk of Rofes, fo well known for clearing the fkin from fcurf, pimples, redneis or funburn; has not its equal for whitening and preferving the fkin to extreme old age, and is very fine for gentlemen to ufe after fhaving.—with printed directions,—6s. 9d. and 12s. per bottle, or 3 dollars per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Greffe, for thickening the hair, and keeping it from coming out or turning grey; 4s. and 8s. per pot, with printed directions.

His fuperfine white Hair Powder, 1s. per lb.—do. Violet, double fc ented, 2s 6d.

His beautif Rofe Powder, 2s 6d.

Highly impr. ed Sweet fcented hard and foft Pomatums, 1s. per pot or 2 do. double, 2s.

His white almond Wafh Ball, 2s. and 3s each. Very good common, 1s. Camphor, 2s & 3s. Do. Vegetable,

Smith's Ballamic Lip Salve of Rofes, for giving a moft beautiful coral red to the lips; cures roughneis and chops, and leaves them quite fmooth, 2s and 4s per box.

His fine cofmetic Cold Cream, for taking off all kinds of roughneis, and leaving the fkin fmooth and comfortable.

Smith's Savonette Royal Pafte, for waihing the fkin, making it fmooth, delicate and fair, to be had only as above wth directions, 4s and 8s per pot.

Smith's Chemical Detrifice Tooth Powder, for the Teeth and Gums, warranted, 2s and 4s per box.

Smith's Vegetable Rouge, for giving a natural color to the complexion; likewife his Vegetable or Pearl Cofmetic, for immediately whitening the fkin.

All kinds of fweet fcented Waters and Eflences, with very article neceffary for the toilet, warranted.

Smith's Chemical Blacking Cakes, for making Shining Liquid Blacking——Almond Powder for the Skin, 2s 6d

Smith's Circaffia Oil for glofling and keeping the hair in curl. His Purified Alpine Shaving Cake, made on chemical principle, to help the operation of fhaving.

Smith's celebrated Corn Plaifter, 3s per box.

The beft warranted Concave Razors, elaftic Razor Strop Shaving Boxes, Dreffing Cafes, Pen Knives, Scifiars, Tortoife-fhell, Ivory and Horn Combs, Superfine white Starch Smelling bottles, &c. &c. Ladies and gentlemen will no only have a faving, but have their gowns frefh and free from adulteration, which is not the cafe with imported perfumery Great allowance to thofe who fell again.

Eruptions and Humors on the Face and Skin particularly

Freckles, Pimples, Blotches, Ringworms, Tan, Sun-burn Shingles, Scurbutic and Cutaneous Eruptions of every defcription, Prickley Heat, Redneis of the Nofe, Black Arms, &c.

Are effectually and fpeedily cured by

Dr. Church's Genuine Vegetable LOTION.

THIS LOTION is excelled by no other in the world. It has been adminiftered by the proprietor for fe veral years in Europe and America with the greateft fuccefs. By the fimple application of this fluid, night and morning, it will remove the moft tenacious and alarming fcurvy in the face. It is perfectly fafe, yet powerful, and poffeffes all the good qualities of the moft celebrated cofmetics, without any of their doubtful effects. It is therefore recommended as a certain and effectious remedy, and a valuable and almoft indifpenfable appendage to the toilet, infinitely fuperior to the common trafh—Cream drawn from Violets and Milk from Rofes! Suffice it however to fay, it has been adminiftered to many thoufands in the United States and W Indies with the greateft and moft unparalelled fuccefs, and without even a fingle complaint of its inefficacy. A fmall bottle at 75 cents will be found fufficient to prove its value Price 75 cents.

☞ Prepared and fold at Church's Dilpenfary, No. 139 Pearl-ftreet, near the Fly-Market, N. York. Dec. 3.

May be had the beft of COAL for the Grate or Smith ofe by applying to No. 26 Roofevelt-ftreet.
April 7, 1804. SAMUEL FREEMAN.

NEW-YORK,

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BY JOHN HARRISSON, No. 3 PECK-SLIP.

One Dollar and Fifty Cents per annum.